

Cold

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Summary: Russia couldn't even fathom the comfort and joy of warmth. The snow said otherwise.

Cold

Collaboration with [churros_and_scones](#) on Wattpad! First part done by me, second part done by her.

****Cold****

The snow swirls. Around and around in freezing gusts of wind that hurtle through the barren land. The trees, the grass, the nearby houses have vanished. The blizzard lashes about the land, brutal.

No one is outside. They aren't stupid. They would freeze to death in this white-out. They all huddle inside their houses, crouched in front of the fireplace. Seeking heat.

"Hey! Mommy, look!" A young boy points out a window.

"What is it darling?" A soft female voice.

"There's someone outside!" The boy looks on.

"Oh dear," the mother gazes out, hand on the boys shoulder. Her voice is filled with astonishment and worry.

The figure outside is tall. It isn't curvy, presumably a man. What appears to be a scarf flaps in the winds.

The only thing they can see clearly are his sad purple eyes.

Russia can't feel the cold. He is the cold, technically. Russia is cold, so he is cold. Because he is cold, he isn't warm. He can't feel the softness and comfort of heat. It is all lost to him.

The blizzard is nothing but flying particles to him.

Cold.

He was cold.

The aching need in his heart for warmth.

Constant.

He tried to conform to the irreversible coldness.

But, no one can get used to loneliness. No matter how hard they try, of what they say, or what they do.

It will never be something they crave.

But, he was a country, right?

Not a human?

Yes. He was the country.

He was the country. He was the country as a human. With emotions and feelings. Treatment toward the country is treatment toward him.

He was cold.

And still is.

Being in this blizzard won't help.

So Russia slowly walks towards his house.

Alone and cold.

Like always.

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Like always...

The cold is like an icy shadow following Russia's every move.

Yet, Russia doesn't completely mind.

The cold is his own friend; his shadow.

As he walks through the blizzard, he despises the cold.

Cold snow kisses his cheeks and blue, frail lips.

Russia shakes the frozen kisses off.

The snow is an unwanted lover of his.

The blizzard picks up, blinding the Russian.

It was so white. Russia could only see specks of the sky.

Everything else was white.

The snow swirled around him, trapping him.

The snow adored Russia and wanted him to embrace the cold.

Russia wanted to be freed from the cold curse.

But he knew, deep in his broken heart, it was not meant to be.

His fate was to stay.

Stay loyal to his master, coldness.

He didn't want to be a slave, but he never got a choice.

Russia hates the snow with an icy passion.

The coldness poisoned him, flowing through him till it got to his heart.

There, it stabbed the poor boy's heart.

It went so deep that the coldness managed to corrupt his soul.

His soul got taken away because the coldness hated the warmth of the soul.

Now, his soul is stone cold.

Cold as death.

This is why he wants to feel warm.

The coldness had numb him, making him feel like a corpse.

Or a ghost.

He wants the warmth to bring him back to life.

Make him feel real.

Not a ghost or a dead body.

But a newborn baby.

Russia walked blindly, not know where to step.

Suddenly, he hears cracking.

Ice.

The snow has led him to ice to show Russia how cold it can get.

The snow cleared off and Russia noticed that he was on a frozen pond.

He tried to step back, but the ice cracked even more.

He didn't know what to do.

The snow laughed at him. It told Russia that it will never let him leave and if he tried to, he would get frozen.

The snow held out its hand. Russia didn't want to take it, but had no choice.

They began to walk to Russia's home.

The snow danced, rejoiced that its beautiful prince will stay.

Russia felt icy tears flow down his pale face.

The snow noticed his tears and wiped them off.

It asked Russia why he was sad.

Russia said, "I want to be blessed with heat."

The snow shook its head and replied saying that the heat is evil.

It burns a man alive.

Cold is pleasure, heat is pain.

Russia nodded, walking.

The snow followed him like a burden.

The snow spoke again.

It said that it was impossible for Russia to be warm.

He's been intoxicated by the winter's poison.

He is a child of winter.

He is supposed to be cold.

He is cold.

All cold.

End
file.